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All contributions to this magazine should be addressed to

**THE EDITOR**

**The Associated Magazines**

95 Madison Avenue  
New York City

# Showing that Where There's a Will—

**E**ARL HAINSWORTH'S trouble three years ago was that, at twenty-two, he was still a clerk in his father's second-hand store in Gloversville, New York, without even the advantage of a high school diploma. And all the time he wanted to be a college man and a Y. M. C. A. official.

To be sure, though he had had to give up his place in his class, he had been sticking to night school as closely as possible, keeping on with his high school studies. So, when the fall of 1912 came around, he decided to take college entrance exams anyhow, just to see where he stood. When he found that he had passed them, there was nothing for it but college, and Hainsworth boarded the train for Oberlin, Ohio, with \$7.39 in his pocket.

Food, tuition, shelter, books! Where should the money come from? The freshman sat down to think it out. It is an age of specialization, and Hainsworth knew that he was an expert in no line whatever. He never had had time to be one, either at home or in the store. He was just a handy man, good at fixing things—stoves or furniture or other people's quarrels. It seemed to him that ever since he could remember he had been doing odd jobs, running errands, shoveling snow, and generally tinkering around. So he'd never had time to learn a trade. But somebody has to do little bothersome things, thought young Mr. Hainsworth. "Citizen Fixit" his mother had called him back in his kindergarten days. And if in Gloversville, why not in Oberlin?

One day fifteen hundred patrons of a hospital benefit, held in a tent near the Academy in Oberlin, received this naïve announcement of Cit's versatility, and his needs, from his own hands. The

## Citizen Fixit

Tell your troubles to Citizen Fixit! He is the sympathy man! Citizen Doesn't Swear, But He Can Do Anything

If you want anyone to do anything, or someone to do something, send for the Citizen, he has a standing bet with the people of Oberlin that he can tackle any job in sight.

### BRING ON YOUR JOB!

If you haven't any troubles, you needn't come around.

Citizen Fixit is also a student, but remember, this is not a plea for assistance, but an honest effort to obtain honest work for his spare hours, along the lines in which he has had experience.

He Can Also Use The Money

Write, Wire or Telephone Your Order **Citizen Fixit** care Y.M.C.A., Men's bldg. Home address, Lancasters, 228 S. Main

"What's the use of being clerk in a second-hand store all your life, when you might be a college man and hold down a really worthwhile job?" said Earl Hainsworth, alias "Citizen Fixit." Read his clever advertisement that won a college education for him.



Photograph by Helen Wilbur.

## When the Women Stood Guard

**B**USINESS women sometimes make good guardians of treasure, as the accompanying photograph from Kingman, Arizona, proves. More gold bullion is received at that town than at any other point in the State.

The mines are located fully thirty miles from the railroad, and when the bullion is brought to the station some one has to guard it until it is shipped.

One day, recently, fifty thousand dollars' worth of the precious metal came to the



Photograph by Stanley Todd.

## He Doesn't Fish on Sunday

**O**N week days Tom O'Brien is kept busy with his lumber-mill down in Santa Rita, New Mexico. But every Sunday morning he calls his dogs to him, puts his lunch in his saddle pockets, and strikes out for the Mogollon Mountain. Most hunters manage to keep cheerful if they bring home the skin of one bear a year. But O'Brien during the last year and a half has brought at least two bears every month: thirty-eight bears in eighteen months with his precious eight-millimeter Mauser rifle, and exactly one bullet hole in each skin.

O'Brien is a typical Westerner. He says that he isn't much of a marksman; but last Christmas, at a turkey shoot in Santa Rita, he killed eighteen turkeys at two hundred yards without missing a shot, and was barred from the contest.

"A bear is not as dangerous as an amateur hunter who gets up against big game for the first time," says O'Brien, and for that reason he hunts by himself. "You can't ever tell when a



Photograph by Ray Dudley.

O'Brien of Santa Rita waits till big game is ten feet away, and then embarrasses it to death by putting one bullet—never more than one—right in its neck.

people read and chuckled, then turned to look at the attractive young chap who stated his case so engagingly. Cit placed his circulars all over the city, and that night he was the talk of the place.

Cit was a success. The Oberlin people brought on their jobs as requested; the Park Hotel gave him a job of dish-washing for his board; he was engaged to do a weekly wash; a furniture dealer hired him as an extra for certain hours each week; and he had rugs to beat, errands to run, and furniture to repair. He soon ceased to worry about finances, and made a rigid rule of six hours a day for wage-earning. Then, as a relaxation from study and work, he went into athletics, in which as a long-distance runner he had a record in his home city.

Hainsworth became a crack runner. He was made captain of the Oberlin track team; and in 1913, at the Princeton Intercollegiate games in Cleveland, he lowered the record to 4:40½ for a mile, and later made a record of 4:39 at Buchtel College. He also won the 5½-mile race at Cleveland that year.

At the close of his year at the Academy, Citizen Fixit had paid every cent of expense attendant upon his school work by his earnings; had a fine new wardrobe; a little money to the good, and a summer job in the freight department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His railroad position ended in December of 1913, and he returned to Gloversville, where soon after, he was engaged as helper to the assistant secretary of the new Y. M. C. A. in that city. His work there attracted the attention of prominent Association officers, and this summer he was called to a bigger position in Warren.

"It's all due to mother," says Citizen Fixit. "She gave me the lucky name."

station at Kingman at about the noon hour, and the men wanted to go to lunch. So the women volunteered to stand on guard.

The leader of the "army" was armed to the teeth and stood ready for action—but nothing happened. The bullion is cast in such unwieldy and awkward shapes that it was pretty safe from robbery, anyhow.

But that did not deprive the enterprising young women of the opportunity to show their bravery.

tenderfoot is goin' to shoot, nor in what direction the bullet is liable to go," he explains.

Recently O'Brien heard about an Eastern hunter that fired seventeen shots into a grizzly before killing him. "It's plumb disgustin'," he confided to a friend. "I couldn't find enough left of a bear to shoot at seventeen times." And he couldn't.

On July 3, 1914, O'Brien killed three bears and captured one alive. The bear that he captured, which was only a cub at the time, now weighs nearly a thousand pounds. O'Brien gave it to the children of El Paso, and it now occupies a big steel and concrete home in the municipal zoo.

In the picture the hunter is seen with his guns. Every time a new gun is invented, O'Brien buys it; but he says that his Mauser is the best of all. In the picture with him are his two best friends, Airedales, who have assisted him in killing many bears.

No, O'Brien doesn't fish on Sunday. He hasn't the time.